COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME II.—No. 35.

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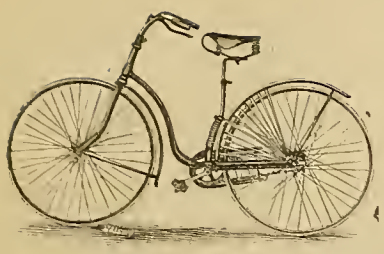

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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BULLETIN.

Saturday, June 13.—Float Day. Exercises on Lake Waban at 6.30 P. M.

Monday, June 15.—Concert by the Beethoven Society at 7.30 P. M.

Wednesday, June 17.—Senior Banquet at 9.30 P. M.

Thursday, June 18.—Glee Club Concert at 4.00 P. M. Junior Garden Party in honor of the Senior Class, at 5.00 P. M.

Friday, June 19.—Recital by the graduates of the School of Music, at 11.00 A. M.

Saturday, June 20.—President's Reception to the Senior Class at 8.00 P. M.

Sunday, June 20.—Baccalaureate Sunday. Prayer Meeting led by President Shafer, at 11.00 A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon by Bishop John Fletcher Hurst, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at 4.00 P. M.

Monday, June 22.—Unveiling of TARBELL's Portrait of Miss Howard, and of Mrs. Whitney's Statue of Roma, at 3.00 P. M. Commencement Concert by the Naval Battalion Band, of Boston, at 7.45 P. M.

Tuesday, June 23.—Commencement Day. Commencement Exercises at 3.00 P. M. Orator: Rev. Heman Lincoln Wayland, D. D. Reception at 8.00 P. M.

Wednesday, June 24.—Alumnæ Day. Business Meeting at 10.00 A. M., followed by Alumnæ Dinner at 12.30 P. M.

FLOAT DAY.

Ninety-one's Float was certainly a grand success. In spite of long established precedent, the sun was kind enough to smile upon the event and June 13 was as bright and fair a day as the heart of a maiden sailor could desire. An unusually large number of guests were present, and the shores of the lake were thronged with a happy, expectant audience, long before it was time for the exercises to begin. Lake Waban was never fairer. The sunset glory lay over it, and its waters reflected clearly the green of the encircling hills and the beauty of light and shadows that played over them. As usual the crews assembled on the South porch, and at seven o'clock a little flutter of excitement, that culminated in a burst of loud and enthusiastic applause from the audience, announced that the march had begun. It was a picturesque little procession that wound down the hill and under the trees to the lake-shore. Ninety-one was the leader, and by her side walked the gallant crew of Ninety-three who appeared for the first time in their dainty suits of white and gold. Ninety-two followed, then the Specials, and after them the seven Freshmen crews, radiantly happy, and very smiling in their jaunty crew suits, which were more picturesque and effective than ever before. The little float of boats lay at the moorings, and, at the signal from the captain, each merry crew embarked, and pulled away from the shore amid the cheers of the classes and the hearty applause of the audience. Following the Senior crew, the boats moved swiftly across

the lake, and formed themselves into the usual circle and star in preparation for the Float songs. When the last boat had been drawn into place, all was ready, and then there rang out loud and clear the College cheer. Three times it rang out over the waters, three times the little hills sent back the echoes, and the Float concert began. This was a great success, and much appreciated by the audience on the shore. The girls sang with great enthusiasm, and the selections were unusually appropriate and pleasing. The following is the program:

1. Belinda Clarissa.
2. Freshman Song, from "Poor Jonathan."
3. Waban Mere.
4. Junior Crew Song.
5. Our College.
6. Senior Crew Song.
7. Romeo and Juliet.
8. Special Crew Song.
9. The Colored Four Hundred.
10. Freshman Song, from "Mikado."
11. Boating Song, from "Erminie."
12. Sophomore Crew Song.
13. Ninety-one's Farewell.

The songs of the different crews deserve special mention, both on account of their happy rendering, and for the beauty of the words and music. Several of the songs were original, and they were fully appreciated. "Our College" proved very amusing, and was loudly applauded by the enthusiastic Wellesley students. The words were as follows:

The students at Vassar may be handsome and fair,
They may dress in the latest, and bang their front hair,
They may dance at their parties a square dance or two,
But our work domestic they never can do.

Chorus.

Oh Wellesley College,
Our Wellesley College,
Chief of our hearts, we crown thee as queen.
Oh Wellesley College,
Our Wellesley College,
Thy like 'mongst the nations never was seen.

The students at Smith may be sparkling with wit,
And feminine graces around them may flit,
And the gay Amherst students may flock to their hall,
But Harvard and Waban they haven't at all.

There are students down south, and in north, east, and west,
And each of them thinks that her college is best.
But we here at Wellesley are sure it is true
That Wellesley's the leader; Hurrah for the blue!

The "Boating Song" was also much appreciated. The swinging music of "Erminie's" lullaby song suited the words exactly.

Before the little concert had ended, the yellow twilight faded, and the darkness of evening fell over the hills and the lake. Suddenly from the midst of the black foliage along the shore there glimmered a line of colored lanterns, and calcium lights flashed their brightness over the dark waters. At the same time lanterns were lighted on the boats, and lights of different colors were thrown upon them from the shore. The effect was wonderfully artistic, and to the audience the scene looked like an enchanted bit of fairy land realm, that was floated over the lake from a mysterious somewhere. Ninety-one's farewell ended the program, and then the boats, one by one, left their places in the fairy picture, and, disappearing in the darkness, made their way to the shore; and the Float was over.

There was a short reception afterwards in College Hall, which like every good time, came to an end all too soon. The coaches that left at nine o'clock carried away the guests delighted with everything, and loud in their praises of 91's Float.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.

The most enjoyable and successful concert that has been given this year by the Beethoven Society was that given Monday evening, June 14. The voices were in excellent condition, and the selections were rendered in a spirited manner, with delicate phrasing and perfect time. The character of the songs showed the artistic and versatile work of the Society, but more than all the energy and efficiency of the conductor, Prof. Hill. An additional treat was provided by the playing of Miss Estelle T. Andrews, of the School of Music, and all regretted that her part in the program comprised only two numbers. The Society was also assisted by Miss Evangeline Houghton of Worcester. Her beautiful and sympathetic voice soon won the hearts of her hearers, who were very grateful for two encores, but even then were scarcely satisfied. The program was as follows:

Piano Solo.	Importu, C sharp minor. Nocturne, F sharp major. Scherzo, B minor.	Chopin.
	Miss Andrews.	
Chorus.—Evening.		Rubinstein.
Chorus.—Joy of the Wanderer.		Abt.
Chorus.—The Mountain Brook.		Rheinberger.
Soprano Solo.	Everywhere.	Bachmann.
	The Nightingale.	Alabieff.
	Miss Houghton.	
Chorus.—Lullaby.		Chadwick.
Chorus.—The Fly.		O. B. Brown.

Chorus.—In Young May.

Piano Solo. { Barcarolle, A minor. / Polonaise (Le Bal) } Rubinstein.
{ Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody. Liszt.

Miss Andrews.

Chorus.—The First Sunset. Abt.

Chorus.—The Owl and the Pussy Cat. Ingraham.

Chorus.—Good Night. Leslie.

Soprano Solo. { Midi a Village. / Ma Voisine. } Thomas.

Miss Houghton.

Chorus.—Song of the Nixies. Weinzierl.

JUNIOR GARDEN PARTY.

On Thursday, June 18th, the day appointed for 92's Garden Party, Nature refused to smile. The pouring rain dampened everything save the ardor of the Juniors, who, with sturdy adaptability to circumstances, cheerfully transformed their wished-for Garden Party into an in-door reception. The floral decorations were made possible through the kindness of Mrs. Durant, who sent flowers and potted plants, and through the willing efforts of the girls, who, clad in rubber boots and gossamers, foraged for ferns despite the drenching rain. The festivities began with a concert by the College Glee and Banjo Clubs. At four o'clock an appreciative audience gathered in the Chapel. This was the only feature of the day's program with which the weather did not interfere, for threatening clouds and stormy skies were forgotten in enthusiasm over the excellent work of both clubs. They were heartily recalled after each number, and the old favorite, "Tupelo" and "Invited by Mistake," were gladly welcomed. The program was as follows:

1. Dinah Doe, Molloy.
   Glee Club.
2. Tupelo, Wellesley Song.
   Miss Bakrer and Club.
3. Medley, Bemis.
   Banjo Club.
4. Waltz Song, "Ebb and Flow," King.
   Glee Club.
5. The Boboolink Song, Emery.
   Glee Club.
6. a. Venetian Waltz, Barker.
   b. Ballerina Waltz,
   Banjo Club.
7. Invited by Mistake, Wellesley Song.
   Miss Foss and Club.
8. Medley, Wellesley Songs.
   Glee Club.

After the concert, the building was enlivened by the arrival of more guests. For the next few hours inviting little nooks and corners were filled with merry groups. Point Tupelo and the ordinary summer evening resorts were deserted for the dusky recesses of the library. Miss Stimson and Miss Underwood, with Miss Lord, and Miss Palmer of '91, received in the Browning Room, which was considered to offer a far more satisfactory shelter from the dampness without than the trees by Longfellow's, leafy though they be. The dining room did its best to prove itself an able substitute for the lawn between Norumbega and Freeman. A Boston caterer kept the tables plentifully supplied, and the dining room was efficiently managed. Orchestral music was furnished on the second floor centre by the Naval Battalion Band, led by E. N. Lafricain. The novelty of the Promenade eclipsed even that of '91. It radiated from the centre of College Hall, limited in one direction by the dining room, and in the other by the library and Faculty parlor. In spite of the unpropitious weather everything passed off so smoothly and pleasantly that the girls only regretted that their new hats and parasols were obliged to await some future day for their début. Serious thoughts were entertained of using these highly prized articles for decoration, but after careful deliberation the plan was abandoned. '92's importu in-door reception was a success. Her Garden Party is still a dream, unmarred by any of the unpleasant circumstances which might have occurred in its practical realization

GRADUATE'S CONCERT.

The concert given Friday, June 19, at eleven o'clock by the graduates of the School of Music was one of unusual interest. A cursory glance at the program suggested the high standard to which the graduate must attain, but the masterly, artistic rendering of all the numbers proved conclusively the remarkably high order of work accomplished by the School of Music, though laboring under some disadvantages in that music is not on the list of electives. There was throughout the program a broad, noble conception and an artistic appreciation, which gave most satisfactory evidence of the patient, earnest work done during the past five years. It was deeply regretted that Miss Rosa was unable to sing the songs arranged for her, but her place was filled in part by two charming songs by Miss Howe, her instructor.

The program of the concert was as follows:

Beethoven, Sonata in C major, Op. 23.
Allegro con brio.
Emeline Place Hayward.

Mozart, Concerto in D minor. First Movement.
Cadenza by Carl Reinecke.
Anna May Thorpe.

Meyerbeer, Romanza e Scena (Roberto il Diavolo).
Cornelia Irene Rosa.

Weber, Concert Stuck in E Minor, Op. 79.
Anne May Adams.
Hallstrom, The Enchanted Spinner.
Cornelia Irene Rosa.
Chopin, Nocturne in D flat, Op. 27, No. 2.
Schumann, Vogel als Prophet.
Jagdlied (Waldseenen Op. 82).
Amy Augusta Whitney.
Nevin, Herbstgefühl.
Wekerlin, Dormez-vous?
Cornelia Irene Rosa.
Mendelssohn, Concerto in G minor, Op. 25.
Second and third movements.
Caroline Muzzy Dresser.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

Though Baccalaureate Sunday did not come with a sunny greeting, it brought with it the usual rest and quiet of that day. At nine o'clock the Seniors met with Miss Shafer at Norumbega for morning prayers; at ten Miss Margaret Leitch of Ceylon addressed the Student Volunteers; and at eleven a general prayer-meeting was held in the Chapel, led by Miss Shafer, whom the College and '91 have so gladly welcomed back to Wellesley. The music at the afternoon service was furnished by the Beethoven Society. The sermon preached by Bishop John F. Hurst was as follows:

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much." Luke 16: 10.

These words do the work of a microscope. They are our Lord's testimony, not only to the greatness of man, but to the greatness of what he does. His clear eye sees the magnitude of every human deed. He always emphasizes the obscurer factors which enter into the strange thing that we call character. In our human life there is nothing really small and insignificant. The deed depends upon the doer. The very plaything of a king's child has a meaning. It is a prince's hand which trundles the hoop and throws the ball. His footfall is heard along the sands of a century. He carries destiny in the glance of his eye and the touch of his hand. We are all king's children. What is life? It is more than time. Niagara flows and falls from century to century, and yet with all its pomp in summer and robes of glittering frost in winter, it is not a living thing.

The merest butterfly which flits into its spray, and wanders back again to its field is more than all the water-falls on the planet. What a significance in each human life! Spent anywhere, it is something amazing, far-reaching, and of infinite worth. It is the soul's time spent in a human body, amid the activities of race and nation, hastening on toward a fixed and lasting life of ruin or of rapture. The body may be ungainly and maimed, but physical defects take nothing from human life of its real magnitude. It should be holy, all holy.

The work done in a human career is its service. Every one serves—either God or God's enemies.

Let us consider some of the factors which determine the quality of the true service of God.

I. The quality of our service is determined in part by the age in which it is performed. Man is largely the creature of the times which give him birth and home. As you see in a little child's dancing eyes and swaying limbs, the flying birds, and laughing flowers, and singing stream of the surrounding landscape, so you can see in the brain of the average man the play of the great forces of the times to which he belongs. Man is never the accident of his generation or of his age. He is a part of his times. Bushnell's sermon "Every man's life is a plan of God," deserves to be written in letters of gold, and read by every young person around the planet. The age brings its duties with it, and each one of us has to bear his part.

When Lincoln was President and the Rebellion burst like a consuming flame upon the land, we needed, not a man to arise from the times of Coriolanus, or of Cromwell, or of Washington, but a man to arise from the midst of the generation, in the glow and strength of its maturity, in the years from 1861 to 1865. The moment was upon Lincoln. We are to look around and see what the world needs of us, and then strive to meet the want that lies nearest to our hands. The men and women who have risen to immortality are the brave spirits who found their mission in ministering to the world as they beheld it, and not as they remembered it, or as they read it.

II. Another determining quality of service may be found in the end to which it is directed. "The style is the man," said Buffon. Cuvier said, "Give me a single bone and out of it I will build the

animal." In a higher moral sense one may say, "Show me the act and I will tell you the hand that did it." If the deed be pure and true, designed for the building up of the better part of our nature, its worth is beyond price. Your little scales for weighing important deeds break to pieces when you lay them in such mighty acts as the prayer of the penitent beggar, the farthing of the widow, the martyrdom of Paul, or the willing passion of the Christ. The little die with which you stamp the coin for the marts of the commonplace and every-day life is too narrow and dull, and the figure and legend too dim and devoid of art, and skill, and beauty, and final finish, to impress the richer and and rarer gold of an unselfish human life. This element of purpose may have been forgotten in the haste and impetuosity of our ordinary thinking. It is not a thing which comes of culture alone, or is born of enthusiasm, or is preached by some apostle of a new theology; but comes to us in our better hours and calmer life, when we bid the world stand off in the distance and hush its tumult, and hide its gaudy colors, and, like Abraham, we calmly talk with God and invoke His guidance for the pilgrimage before us.

The world is a vast storehouse for us. We cannot use all its contents, or even a large fraction. We must make our selections. We should choose only what we need to give us strength to help the pleading world about us. Our happiness here and in the eternity beyond depends upon what we select. This end or goal gives direction to all we do. The man at the wheel of an ocean steamer has his mind upon the distant port, the far off quay where he expects to land every passenger. When Florence Nightingale dreamed out the thought of ministering to the suffering soldiers of Britain in the Crimean War, she reared a monument infinitely grander than the Parliament which ordered the unjust war, and than Raglan and all the officers who led the men to death from Russian guns and snows of a merciless winter. It is our habit to measure achievement by the object in view. We are ever applying our measuring-line to character, and if we see that one has been as Carlyle phrased it, "in dead earnest in his work," and has chosen the pure and the good rather than the pleasant and the comfortable, we place him where he belongs—among the poor workers for the world's improvement. Like Garibaldi, when he thundered at the gates of Rome where the bells of liberty had been dumb for a thousand years, every one who fights for a purpose must succeed. We always triumph when in pursuit of a great aim. Now and then when on the way to success the heads of the workers may roll into the basket, but only all the shorter is their path to immortality.

They only the victory win who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within; who have held to their faith, unseduced by the prize that the whole world holds on high; who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight; if need be, to die.

Speak History: Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say,—"Are they those whom the world calls the victors, who won the success of a day?" The Martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst, or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

The pure worker for his brother's better state and brighter hope and stronger arm and sweeter life has the certainty of destiny upon him. He will receive the laurel of unfading power, for only for such a brow was it twined.

III. A further element of the greatness of the least service for Christ may be seen in our ignorance of the critical times in life. We never know just the moment when we are making a final decision. A merciful hand draws a veil before our eyes, and often we are dazed by the majesty and weight of the decision and the future we create. You know a President talked freely of his plans one July morning a few years ago, but before the sun had reached its zenith the iron nerves of the world's thought sent the shock of his assassination to the ends of the earth. This uncertainty belongs even to out obscurer hours, the time when we think that nothing depends upon what we do. We cannot tell just when our weary feet touch the dividing line, one path leading to victory and the other to defeat. Our only safety lies in paying minute attention to each footstep, to each duty, the great or the small, and allowing no siren's spell of thoughtlessness to come over us. You can always discover the great worker by his

fidelity to the incidental and the minute. Napoleon never won his battles alone with great multitudes of soldiers. His work began far earlier. It was his wont to walk out by night and salute the sentry and see if every man was at his post; to examine the kind of food his army ate; to keep due note of the muster-roll of each regiment; indeed, to forget nothing which entered into the moral or material of warfare. He watched every thread out of which he twisted victory on a hundred battlefields. See the slow and patient Raphael as he works away at his Sistine Madonna. He must have spent weary months on those delicate touches which make that mysterious and ethereal background of innumerable angels, and as many more in the features of that wonderful mother, who as she holds the infant Jesus in her arms seems by those very eyes to see and know the future that awaits Him. We always measure results by the worker's loyalty to the small. What is genius but the power to triumph over the obscure and the commonplace? What is fidelity to God but the conscious discharge of every duty, whether we measure it by the inch or the mile. Ours is a question of duty and right, if we would know and live, and not of convenience. This duty urges us to espouse every good cause, to defend an unprotected one, to endeavor to redress wrongs. Such are the vital questions we need ask ourselves, rather than to inquire what others will think, what enemies will this make, what barriers will this raise up to my preferment. All positive and final success comes from a total forgetfulness of the friendships and alliances of a life that is shaped by policy alone. Away with these perpetual consultations with the proprieties of an hour! Our age is dying for the brightest and truest spirits it can find. Where are they?

"True hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

IV. A further factor which enters into the magnitude of a service is the spirit with which we perform our work. All magnitude is relative. A pebble is as heavy to a child as a boulder is to an elephant. The efforts of little Benjamin West to draw his sleeping sister on the wall with a piece of charcoal was as great as that of Michael Angelo when he carved his rugged Moses or poised St. Peter's dome in mid-air. We must ask, With what spirit does one measure up to his opportunity? When Sir Philip Sidney lay dying on the field of battle, and a soldier brought him a cup of water to slake that thirst which the failing life brings, the great soldier ordered that it be given to a dying private from the ranks who lay near him. It is not the size of the service which we render to God, or the power we have to measure its depth with line and plummet, but the spirit of fidelity and sacrifice of the heart. Our Lord recognizes this as the standard of his final judgment. He did not promise a reward to the discoverer of a continent, the winner of a battle, or the builder of a city, but to the one who, thirsty himself, slakes another's thirst. "Whosoever shall give one of these little ones a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward." The spirit which prompts one to make a sacrifice, and to do his whole duty in the path in which Providence has given him is after all the greatest test of sincerity of life. The woman who broke the alabaster box of ointment for our Lord did a greater service for him than a Caesar could have done him by sending an army to win a crown and a throne for Him.

As to who will know our work, and whether it will be taken at its full worth, we need have no concern. We are not living here for theatrical purposes. Our home is not the stage of the performer. Our business is to meet life's purpose faithfully, calmly, heroically, and if there be no plaudits that our ears ever hear, never mind. We are not living here to hear, but to do and to be. When Phidias wrought out those wondrous figures which looked from their dizzy height at the entrance of the Parthenon, in which he presented the highest types of manly vigor and womanly grace and martial bearing and restful waiting, one would suppose that only the face and the front of each figure would need the sculptor's care, as they alone would be visible to the worshipers as they ascended the steps. But the centuries of earthquake and war passed by, and the immortal marbles fell, and by and by found their way to the British Museum, and are known as the Elgin marbles. There they rest on little pedestals, and as the visitor goes slowly toward them and ex-

amines them on every side, he finds that Phidias carved just as faithfully the obscurer parts of each figure, and which no worshiper could ever hope to see, as he did the more prominent which greet the eye at a distance. Why should the master spend his time on the unseen parts of those figures? First, he knew not but the time might come when they might fall from their place, and later pilgrims might come along and see the finer lines made for the public eye, and then the coarser work which was not intended for the view of the world, and might say, "Phidias wrought for the gaze of men, and not through loyalty to his art." But he must have had this higher thought, that his gods were watching all his work; that every stroke he made upon the marble shot forth its echo far above the din and strife of earth, and that the faintest line upon the pure Pentilica marble was seen by the watching eyes and with the approval of the gods. Hence the sculptor must needs be faithful unto them, for their eyes were everywhere.

Such is our need to-day. When we are faithful to ourselves we are most faithful to God. There is no final oblivion for our work here. The hour of revelation must come. Paul says, "Every man's work shall be manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is." Ah, the most of our life consists of the common-place and the obscure. We are often weighed down by its terrible drudgery. As we look ahead it seems like one long pair of ruts, and the dust flies up as we move along. It seems a weary road indeed. Few only of the words we speak, of the deeds we perform become known to the world—sometimes none. It is given only to one now and then of the great surging multitudes to do a deed or say a word which will reach out beyond the century. Hence we should faithfully perform every duty assigned to us, bearing every burden which is placed upon us, moving calmly over the field in which Providence places us for work through our three score and ten, with the serene and happy mind that envieth not another her genius, her palace or her crown, but smiles happily as she moves on toward the gates of pearl and the streets of gold. The triumph of the faithful servant is sure to come, and the welcome home to the convention shall be: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many."

VESPERS.

Evening prayers on Baccalaureate Sunday, led by Bishop Hurst, were followed by a vesper service at which the College Glee Club, assisted by Mrs. Stovall, Miss Howe, Miss Blanche Marot and Mr. Morse, gave the following program.

Hear my Prayer, Panofka.
Miss Howe.
List the Cherubic Host, Gaul.
Glee Club. Duet by Miss Howe and Mr. Morse.
Marche Funébre et Chant Seraphique, Guilmant.
Mrs. Stovall.
Light in Darkness, Cowen.
Miss Howe.
O Zion that bringest good tidings, Brown.
Glee Club. Duet by Misses Barker and Pullen.
Song without Words, Calkin.
Mrs. Stovall.
Jerusalem, Gounod.
Miss Blanche Marot.
Praise Thou the Lord, Mendelssohn.
Glee Club. Solo by Miss Howe.
Sonata in A minor (first movement), Whiting.
Mrs. Stovall.

The music was most delightful and was enjoyed by the guests as much as by the members of the college. Mrs. Stovall's organ solos were listened to with that pleasure which her playing always gives, and her accompaniment to the solos and choruses was very sympathetic. Miss Howe's clear, strong soprano brought out with fine effect the selections from Panofka and Cowen, and her solo parts in the choruses were remarkably well executed. The solo by Miss Marot was an unexpected pleasure, and her fine contralto voice gained for her many admirers among the guests, and made those who knew her as a student here more proud than ever to claim her as a Wellesley girl. Although somewhat reduced in numbers, the Glee Club nevertheless sustained the enviable reputation which it has had through the year. Miss Anne Bosworth, president of the club last year, sang with them. The effect of the chorus from Gaul was much added to by the duet by Miss Howe and Mr. Morse. The duet by Misses Pullen and Barker in the Brown number was very pleasing. All regret that next year they must be denied the pleasure of Miss Barker's charming voice.

COMMENCEMENT PRESENTATIONS.

The unveiling of Thayer's portrait of Miss Howard and of Mrs. Whitney's statue of Roma took place in the Art Building, on Wednesday afternoon, June 20. The portrait of Miss Howard, Wellesley's first president, was given by the alumnæ from '79 to '82. Miss Evelyn Hall of '79, the first gradnating class, made the presentation and said a few words as to the develop-

ment of the College during the sixteen years of what may now be called its history. President Shafer alluded to the fact that Mr. Durant, through his fear of making the College monumental of his own glorification, had deprived Wellesley of the pleasure of seeing his pictured face, and therefore it was of double value to obtain the likeness of his co-workers during those early years. Miss Shafer spoke also of the appropriateness of this gift coming from the Alumnæ, showing that they were ever in touch with the college.

The company now adjourned to the central hall where the bronze statue of Roma stood, draped from above. The Glee Club, or "choir invisible," started the song, "To Alma Mater," and gave the Wellesley cheer in response to the vigorous encore of the Alumnæ. Miss Lord made a few introductory remarks, and Prof. Horsford, in the name of his class of '86, gave an account of the history of the statue which was their gift. It was finished in marble at Rome during the year 1769, the year of Vittorio Emanuel's triumphant entry into Rome. From the first plaster cast this bronze was taken.

Mrs. Goodwin, whose years of study in art fitted her well to judge the subject, interpreted the statue. In it historic Rome stands revealed. The border of the hem shows the last trace of imperial grandeur. The priest-ridden Italy of Pio Nino is seen in the despairing attitude of the figure. It is of particular value to the students of Wellesley to have before them an object lesson in the development and decline of civilization. Miss Hodgkins, Wellesley poet-protessor, told of a vision suggested to her by the statue, after which President Shafer expressed the gratitude of the college to Prof. Horsford for his continued remembrance, not only of its material needs, but also of the need of stimulus toward new thought.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

The Commencement Concert, given in the Chapel Monday evening, June twenty-second, was of an unusual character. The Naval Battalion Band of Boston furnished the music and the following interesting program was carried out.

The delightful rendering of the selections and their variety insured a hearty interest throughout the whole program. The cornet solo by the leader, Mr. E. N. Lafricain received special applause.

Rossini,	Overture to "William Tell."
Gungl,	Hydropathen Waltzes.
Nowakowski,	Fantasie for Trombone.
	Mr. Carl Hampe.
Schmidt,	Journey through Africa.
Arban,	Fantasie Brilliante for Cornet.
	Mr. E. N. Lafricain.
Waldteufel,	Waltzes (The Skaters).
Haydn,	Theme and Variations.
	(Austrian National Hymn).
Batiste,	a. Pilgrim's Song of Hope.
Délibes,	b. Ballet Music from "Naila."
Offenbach,	Selections from "Orpheus:"
Hérold.	Overture to "Zampa."

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Organ Prelude.

Offertoire in D — *Batiste.*

Mrs. W. T. Stovall.

READING OF SCRIPTURES.

PRAYER.

"O Blest Redeemer, Lowly Adoring," — *Marchetti.*

Beethoven Society.

ADDRESS.

Rev. Heman Lincoln Wayland, D. D.

Song of the Nixies, — *Weinzierl.*

Beethoven Society.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

a. The Forest Sunset, — *Abt.*

b. The Mountain Brook, — *Rheinberger.*

Beethoven Society.

BENEDICTION.

Organ Postlude.

March in D flat, — *Lemaigre.*

Mrs. W. T. Stovall.

ADDRESS.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

When the honored lady whose name will always be associated with the history of this institution asked me to occupy this hour, I replied that I had neither the attainments nor the time to prepare an elaborate discourse, but if she would condescend to accept a few homely words upon The New Education, I would endeavor to place myself at her service. In her felicitous omission to reply, I discerned the mingled truthfulness and tact characteristic of the better portion of our humanity. A stern regard for veracity forbade her to say that the subject was suited to an occasion on which you have been wont to sit at the banquet of kings, while she was unwilling to give pain by saying the reverse. The matter thus left somewhat in doubt, with masculine selfishness I decided the question in my own favor and against you, and—I am here.

Perhaps I ought to say in setting out that the title is a misnomer. There is no such thing as The New Education, if by that is meant an education comprised within certain definite limits of time, as we may say, The New Century.

But there is with every age, with every year, with every day, a new education as there is perpetually a new science, a new political economy, a new ethics, a new (if I may venture to whisper the dreaded words) a new theology, and a new art of war.

In my younger days, for I assure you there was such a time, I was permitted to disport myself afield with an old Queen's Arm musket dating back to the middle of the previous century. It was not a blood-thirsty weapon. It might even have served upon the coat-of-arms of a Peace Society. A person at whom it was aimed was in little danger, although those who were in his vicinity held their lives by a frail tenure. And yet, it was with Brown Bess that Ramilies, Blenheim, and Waterloo were won, and that our fathers created a nation. But it would have been madness to stake a battle upon this weapon any time within the last half century or to entrust to it the cause of Liberty and Union.

A few years ago I visited the arsenal at Norfolk; and as I looked at the improved weapons I realized that the guns which established the national existence a quarter of a century ago are already obsolete. Such progress have we made in the art of mutual destruction under the mild and benignant light of the gospel.

It would be the strangest thing in the world if there were not a perpetual advance in the science of education, since ceaselessly our knowledge increases alike of the external world and of the internal world to which the external addresses itself. The education of to-day is not that of our fathers. The highest testimony to what the fathers did for us is that they have enabled us to outstrip them. They would have been very poor teachers if they had permitted us to remain where they were. I do not mean that the New Education lies wholly in the future. It began long ago; it will never cease.

The New Education is not traditional, but rational. It does not ask merely what has been done; it realizes that as the theologian explores the fathers of the church, so we, the history of the past, quite as much to find out what to avoid as what to do. That a certain thing was done in the past affords not the slightest reason for doing it to-day, unless experience proves that it was useful; and this affords only a presumption which may easily be overthrown, for the circumstances may so far have changed that what was useful yesterday may be a hindrance to-day. The practice of inoculation, beneficent a century ago, would be criminal now.

The New Education awakes in the morning with the feeling, as was said of the head master of Rugby, that everything is an open question. For some reason, I know not what, education has been prone to adore the ancestors, though it has sometimes been embarassed from finding that the ancestors did not always agree. But even this difficulty could be overcome. An eminent professor of mathematics said to my friend, the late Prof. Youmans, "We have been revising our mathematical course." Awe-struck as he thought of the possibilities of progress and improvement, Prof. Youmans eagerly asked, "On what principle did you proceed?" He replied, "We took the catalogues of all the colleges in the country and found what time they devoted to mathematics, and then we struck an average of them all."

And strangely enough that blending of ignorance, cowardice, selfishness, and conceit, which we call conservatism, has a singular genius for clinging to what was worst in the past and losing what was best. The political conservatism of fifty years ago in America cherished the slavery of the olden time, while it forgot the brave, immortal words which Washington and Jefferson spoke about human bondage.

The educational conservatism of to-day clings to the ancient languages which the fathers studied wisely enough because they had nothing else to study, because all the learning of the time was locked up in the treasure houses to which Greek and Latin were the key; but it abjures the method and object with which our fathers studied these tongues. They studied something of the grammar that they might know the language and that they might copiously read and enjoy the literature. We learn a little of the language and nothing of the literature in order that we may spend all our days and nights upon the grammar, upon the minutiae of the optative mood, and the dialects, and the nouns that increase in the genitive. We so idolize the key that we do not think of opening the door, reminding one of the savage chief mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, who had been presented with a lock and key and was so enchanted with his posessions that he spent an entire day locking and unlocking the front door.

In all the writings of Mr. Browning, I do not recall anything more pervaded by wisdom and by a lucidness into which he is sometimes betrayed, than the familiar poem called "Development," which opens thus:—

"My father was a scholar and knew Geeek.
When I was five years old I asked him once,
'What do you read about?'
'The siege of Troy.'
'What is a siege and what is Troy?'"

Thereupon the wise father piled up tables and chairs to represent the city of Troy, called the cat (not unaptly) Helen, called the two dogs the Atreidei, and set the boys to playing the Siege of Troy until they became inflamed with longing to know all about Achilles and Hector. Then he let them read Pope's translation, promising them as a treat and reward, not as a task and penalty, that one day they should read.

"The very thing itself, the actual words."

This done, they wanted to know who was Homer; and so he led them into the controversy and the Prolegomena of Wolf, and finally into the whole range of Greek literature, keeping all the while their eager curiosity aroused, and achieving the greatest triumph of the teacher in making learning the object of desire and not of aversion.

Abjuring condition and consulting reason, the New Education will break in pieces many an *eidolon*, as the young king Hezikiah broke in pieces the brazen serpent which had become an object of idolatrous reverence, saying, as he swung over his head his mighty axe, "*Nehushtan*, a piece of brass." Among these *eidola* is the superstition that there is a necessary divorce between study and pleasure, that any study is valuable in proportion as it is repulsive, Somehow or other, we have indulged in the vagary that no one has properly reached the summit of the hill of knowledge unless, contrary to his inclinations and greatly to his pain, he has been dragged thither by the hair of his head, suffering on the way many bruises from the rocks and stones.

A similar theory prevailed in a former day in reference to medicine. It was held that any remedy was of value only as it smelled bad, or tasted bad, or produced in the unhappy patient an agonizing convulsion. The corner stone of the former practice of medicine was that nature must be crossed at every turn. Bleeding, salivation, purgatives, held the same relation to medical treatment as faith, hope and charity do to the Christian system. My father studied medicine from 1814 to 1816. I have heard him say that as he looked back upon the practice of those days he wondered that any sick person survived. I have often thought that in abandoning the practice of medicine and entering the ministry, he entitled himself to the crown anciently bestowed in Rome on one who had saved the lives of his fellow citizens.

The New Education will realize that the legitimate use of our faculties is always attended with pleasure, and the higher the faculty, the more real the pleasure. It will pronounce its judgement that if the attainment of knowledge is a source of pain to the pupil, the fault probably lies either in the method or in the teacher.

The New Education will hardly agree with an eminent educational Conservative in England: "It is a strong recommendation to any subject to affirm that it is dry and distasteful." Rather it will adopt the sentiment which Sir William Hamilton cites from Plato. "No study that is forced in the school is ever voluntarily cultivated in life." It will find its judgement expressed by the sage of Concord: "Never read any books but what you like."; or in Shakespeare's phrase.

"No profit comes where is no pleasure taken:
In short, sir, study what you most affect."

Again, the New Education will destroy the *eidolon* that there is a divorce between study and usefulness, between the practical worth of a study and its disciplinary value, and that the crown of any branch of knowledge lies in its "glorious inutility." It will find just as great intellectual value in the useful as in the useless. Nay, rather, it will expect to find that a pupil will pursue a study with all the more eagerness and thoroughness and consequent benefit, from the knowledge that he is to make a practical use of it.

The student at West Point does not study the nature and properties of a parabola with any less fidelity and concentration because of knowing that his acquaintance with this curve on some future day may make all the difference between life and death, between victory and defeat. Does the student derive less disciplinary result and less culture as he studies his Greek, from knowing that it is the language of the New Testament, which he is hereafter, as the business of his life, to interpret?

The late Prof. Atkinson supposes some advocate of culture for the sake of uselessness to urge upon the letter-carrier the need of open air exercise. "But," replies the letter-carrier, "I spend all my day in the open air. I walk for ten hours delivering letters." "No matter," replies the useless culturist, "all that does not count because it is in the line of your work, because it is useful. You should walk an hour every morning before beginning your professional tour just for the sake of discipline; and then you should walk an hour every evening after completing it. Thus you will be adequately prepared to engage in your professional labors.

The New Education will connect study with practical pursuits, and it will expect every pupil through all his life to be benefitted every day by his education.

We greatly underrate the disciplinary value that there is in industrial pursuits, the mental as well as the moral training. The mental effort that is demanded in order to form the idea of a complicated machine seems to me as great as is demanded for the study of a poem. In making an exact square, in making a joint which shall exactly fit into another joint, in making a wheel or a lever which shall not be *about right* or *near enough*, or *so as to do*, but which shall be absolutely right as nearly as the human faculties admit in making a perfect straight edge, a perfect circle,—there is quite as much culture as is attained by many of the studies. In addition is the moral suggestion of the difference between what is right, or straight, and what is wrong, or wrung, or twisted, or tortuous. There is a moral as well as a geometrical significance in the fact that the city lieth foursquare.

There is a disciplinary value in the studies which prepare for the economies of a house. Is there not a demand for mind, for disciplined mind, is there not culture, in laying out a week's work in the household, and in the blending of dishes and flavors as much as in creating a symphony of sounds or of colors?

The New Education will no less dispel the horrible and most hurtful superstition of a former time that there was somehow an incongruity between high cultivation and robust health. I myself have heard intelligent ladies. as they saw the ruddy cheek and the firm step and the free gait of a young woman, murmur contemptuously "milkmaid!" The prevalent idea of a highly educated woman has pictured her as a bundle of nerves lying perilously near the surface, with a semi-weekly headache, the total absence of a healthy and hearty appetite, a contempt for the bounties of Providence spread three times a day upon the table, a pallid cheek, and a profound and constant consciousness of back. The New Education will not take as its ideal of high culture Pascal, the life long victim of disease engendered by fasting and vigils and the disregard of every bodily law, and dying at thirty-nine; but rather the magnificent English statesman of to-day, conforming to the laws of his body, finding his recreation now in a yachting tour to the coast of Norway and now in hewing down his own beech trees, and at four score and two the hope of his friends, the terror of his enemies, rising in Parliament at two in the morning to make a speech which, had it been his only one, would have made his reputation, and provoking from friend and enemy alike the wondering inquiry, "Will he never die? Will he never grow old?"

In the estimate of the New Education, the theory that culture is hostile to bodily vigor is treason against Providence, who designed that all our faculties should be so attuned that the exercise of one should be for the invigoration of all. The educated woman will no longer be at once the pride and the terror of her household. Her vigorous health, nurtured by careful physical education, guarded by a knowledge of the science of health, will ensure her a long life, and will make every one of her days the means of effecting much for herself, for her home, for the world.

The New Education will reckon that character is more than acquirement, that to be a strong, brave, wise, noble, indomitable man or woman is more than to have learned any number of facts in history or science. Character is a part of ourselves, character *is* ourselves. It is only character which we truly possess, which surely abides.

Not, of course, that attainments are to be underrated. The more attainments the better, so as only they are mastered, are vitalized, by the character about which they gather. It is idle self-conceit wantonly to neglect acquirements and to depend upon our innate powers. The man who has the most original genius always takes the greatest pains. Napoleon in youth had studied every campaign and all the strategy of the great captains of all times. But it is not so much what we have, as it is the faculty to command our resources. At a certain point overlooking the Bosphorus, the Turks have a battery consisting of guns, if that term may be applied to them, bored out from the solid rock. They are very effective, if a ship would be so accommodating as to put herself exactly at the point on which they bear. There are many persons whose intellectual batteries are equally little at their command.

Gen. Sherman once said to my friend, Gen. Terry, "Neither Grant nor myself excelled in a knowledge of the theory and art of War. Gen. A. or Gen. B. (whose names are synonymous with failure) surpassed either of us in this respect. Where Grant excelled was in his indomitable and sublime *resolution*."

The character which The New Education will chiefly seek to develop will be that of an original investigator. This is the character which the old education has systematically discouraged and decried. The boy or girl who believed what he was told, who took what was given him, who never doubted, who asked no questions, who always learned his lesson without aspiring to understand it, was always the one who had the good marks and who was patted (metaphorically) on the head, while the boy who took nobody's word, who could not learn what he did not understand, who often could not recite his lesson because he had spent his time trying to understand it, who often asked "Why?" and "What then?" and who not seldom ventured to doubt the assertion that was found on the printed page or that came from the lips of the instructor, this boy or girl was patted on the head (somewhat harder), gravitated to the foot of the class, and had neither honors nor half-pence; but, in the long run, life has generally settled the question aright. And the boy who was thought dull, simply because he was wiser and more thorough than his fellows, has very often come out ahead.

Our system of study, especially our study of the languages, has been thoroughly vicious in its discouragement of original investigation. Our grammars have been a clog and a foe to the human intellect. As a Roman tyrant wished that all the people in Rome had but a single neck so that he might see it comfortably severed, and the nation left, so to speak, without a head, so, I trust, in the educational millenium, I shall see, (for I shall no doubt be living then), all the grammers in the universe put into a single funeral pyre, saturated with petroleum, and reduced to ashes. And if they shall be made into lye, then the grammars will be what they always have been, The grammars are

occupied half with what is palpably false, and the other half with what the pupil does not understand. The grammar tells the scholar that so and so is the case, and then he goes to the language to find it is not the case, and that the exceptions are much more comprehensive than the rule.

I recall (*horresco referens*) my early agonies with Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar. I learned for example; "A noun and a participle are put in the ablative called absolute, to denote the time, cause, or concomitant of an action, or the condition in which it depends." I can conscientiously lay my hand upon my heart or upon Webster's Dictionary, and affirm that this combination of words did not convey to me the faintest shadow, or semblance, or scintilla of an idea.

Here I can but refer, with the strongest approval and gratitude, to the recently published Autobiography of James Freeman Clarke. He relates that in his childhood he was taught the languages by his grandfather, an educator far in advance of his time. He learned to read the languages, and picked up the grammar as he went along. The result was that he learned with delight; and, before he was ten years old, he had read intelligently and with delight a portion of Nepos, a good deal of Ovid, some odes of Horace, a little of Virgil, the Gospel of Matthew in Greek.

The New Education will set every pupil at work, and will make him form his own grammar. He will soon learn that a plural noun is accompanied by a verb in a different form from that which accompanies a singular noun; and one law which he has discovered for himself is worth to him a thousand which somebody else has discovered for him. The same principle will apply to arithmetic, to algebra, to natural history, to geometry, to chemistry. The difference between an original investigator and one who finds just what the grammar tells him he will find is like the difference between Columbus and the summer tourist to whom the captain says, "At nine o'clock in the evening of the sixth day, we shall see the lights off Boston Harbor."

The New Education looks with favor upon the study of natural science and the other branches of science, of economics, of current history, because they are attractive and fascinating, because they have a close relation to the welfare and success of the student himself and to that of the human race, and because they tend to encourage the habit of original investigation.

Is the question asked, "What place then is left for classical study?" I answer, Let Latin and Greek like other studies take the place which is allotted them by the impartial and intelligent judgment of the enlightened Nineteenth Christian Century; and I shall be entirely satisfied.

The New Education will be an education not for men or for women, but for human beings, not for the *anēr* or the *gunē* but for the *anthropos*. It will set at naught the theory that the Deity has made certain masculine souls and certain feminine souls, the one all strength and the other all delicacy. An old friend of mine, (I suppose he must have been a wise man, since he had been President of two colleges and of two theological seminaries), late in life, took charge of a ladies' school. In teaching the pupils Intellectual Philosophy, he omitted the chapter on Reason, thinking it, he said, "not adapted to the female mind." He is now in heaven, where I trust he has learned the error of his ways.

It will also abjure the notion of masculine and feminine virtues. The phantasy that men ought to be brave, but no matter about their purity, that the one virtue of a woman is purity, but that the lack of courage and force is rather a title to admiration, is essentially heathen, and is connected with the idea of male and female divinities. Christianity offers us but one type of character, illustrated in him who, though called "the man Christ Jesus," yet had in him the moral intuition, the tenderness, the purity which adorn woman, as well as the bravery and force which sit upon the brow of man.

Yet the New Education though made for all will not be cast iron or Procrustean, but rather it will be elastic in its adaptation to every person; indeed, I suppose there will be as many educations as there are human beings.

If there should be any of the sexes, who is prone to be conventional, to take things for granted, who is less disposed whether it be from nature or from environment to original thought, if there be any other sex that, with all its robustness, is wanting in sentiment, in delicacy of conscience, then the new education will strenuously build up in each that which is deficient.

Lastly (welcome word!) The New Education will be Christian. It will be founded upon Christianity, neither as a theology nor as a life, but as a theology leading to a life. While aiming at culture, it will realize that the culture which ends in itself is selfish and base. Over much of the culture it will pronounce the condemnation uttered by the old prophet, "Israel is an empty vine; he bringeth forth fruit unto himself." We justly pronounce sentence upon the avarice which acquires money for money's own sake to make it the means of further accumulation; but I do not see why there is not just as much selfishness and avarice in the culture which seeks more culture, which delights in cultivated society, and which will not renounce an hour of enjoyment or exaltation for the sake of carrying light into the lives of the ignorant and darkened and desolate. The New Education will reckon that the great end of life is service. It is not what we acquire that

makes us truly divine, but what we impart. "He that will be chief among you, let him be least of all and servant of all."

In the estimate of the New Education, the great achievement of the educated man or woman of to-day is to reproduce Jesus Christ in the life of the Nineteenth Century. Jesus Christ does not sleep in death, in the tomb of Joseph. He lives wherever men or women, in high station or in humble, are doing heroic deeds in his name, whether unknown or heralded. He lives in Sister Dora, as she spends six months unrelieved, often alone, in the small-pox hospital at Walsall. He lives in Chinese Gordon as he goes out, in the strength of his own moral character, to carry peace to the Soudan. He lives in Cardinal Lavigerie as he organizes a body of warrior monks to suppress the devilish slave trade. He lives in Livingstone as he penetrates the Dark Continent, trying to heal the open sore of the world, and dying alone, upon his knees, in his little hut, bowed upon a bed of grass and sticks. He lives in Lincoln as he signs the paper which makes free men of four million slaves. He lives in Clara Barton as she ministers to the sufferers on a hundred fields of battle. He lives in the women who from their schools and their homes go to the Rivington Mission in the Metropolis. He lives in Mrs. Lowell, a native of this Commonwealth, sister of one martyr soldier, widow of another, fit representative of a race of heroes, as she goes forth through the counties of the Empire State, piercing with her keen humanity the darkness and squalor of the jails and poor-houses, and seeming to the conscience-stricken county officials as a traveling Day of Judgment.

I need not say that the New Education, being a a Christian education, will make the Bible the center of its study, and will find the model and the motive and the measure and the motor of its service in the Man of Nazareth and Calvary.

These were, I am sure, the sentiments and hopes that animated the illustrious founder of this institution when he consecrated to it the avails of a laborious and brilliant life. Far beyond all professional eminence, I am sure that his latest hours prized as the work of his life the establishment of this college for the Christian education of women.

Not, indeed, that the New Education will ever be come the absolute and finished. There will always be something to look forward to. Its perfection lies partly in this, that we shall never lose the inspiration of anticipation:

Profounder, profounder,
Man's spirit must dive;
To his aye-rolling orbit
No goal will arrive;
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found—for new heavens
He spurneth the old.

Go on, then, Education of the Future, making men ever great, and strong, and free, and good. Happy we who have seen the dawning light; happier they who shall witness the splendor of the high noon.

CANDIDATES FOR DEGREES.

MASTER OF ARTS.

Katherine Lee Bates (Wellesley '80), Wellesley, Mass.
Subjects: English Drama and Anglo-Saxon.

Florence Bigelow (Wellesley '85), Natick, Mass.
Thesis: The Power of Shakespeare as seen in the Four Great Comedies and Four Great Tragedies.

Margaret Hill (Wellesley, '84), St. Albans, Vt.
Thesis: Literature in the Secondary Schools.

Laura Amelia Jones (Wellesley, '82), East Orange, N. J.
Thesis: A Study in Comparative Embryology.

Ellen Fitz Pendleton (Wellesley, '86), Westerly, R. I.
Subjects: Pure, and Applied Mathematics.

FIVE YEARS' COURSES WITH MUSIC OR ART.

BACHELOR OF ARTS.

Sarah Malinda Bock,	Roxbury, Mass.
Helen Anne Dempsey,	Cleveland, O.
Helen Blanche Field,	Taunton, Mass.
Sarah Jane Freeman,	New York, N. Y.
Edith Mary Luther,	Newark, N. J.
Grace Annot Pierce,	East Jaffrey, N. H.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.

Caroline Muzzy Dresser,	Castine, Me.
Emeline Place Hayward,	New York, N. Y.
Cornelia Irene Rosa,	Chicago, Ill.

FOUR YEARS' COURSES.

BACHELOR OF ARTS.

Mary Louise Alden,	Camden, Me.
Myrtilla Avery,	Katonah, N. Y.
Esther Bailey,	Arlington, Mass.
Maria Baldwin,	Washington, D. C.
Effie Banta.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lillian Corbett Barnes,	Binghamton, N. Y.
Alma Emerson Beale,	Schaghticoke, N. Y.
Elizabeth Mary Blakeslee,	Spencer, Mass.
Mariana Williamson Blood,	Auburndale, Mass.
Mary Walker Carter,	Montclaire, N. J.
Mary Moore Crawford,	Bloomfield, F. J.
Grace Mayland Cummings,	Woburn, Mass.
Susan Louise Cushman,	Lakeville, Mass.
Louise Whitmore Danielson,	Southington, Conn.
Florence Dean,	Brentwood, N. H.
Theodora Woodford Dudley,	Madison, Conn.
Grace Lee Duncan,	Syracuse, N. Y.
Emily Louise Eldridge,	Milford, Mass.
Clara Eliza Emerson,	Beloit, Wis.

Jennie Hilton Ford,	Brockton, Mass.
Mabel Frost,	Belmont, Mass.
Emma Helena Gregory,	Providence, R. I.
Katharine Florence Gleason,	Natick, Mass.
Daisy Isabelle Hallam,	Centralia, Ill.
Mabel Cary Hawes,	Burlington, Vt.
Margaret Ellen Hazen,	St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Charlotte Williams Hazlewood,	Lynn, Mass.
Bertha Hodgdon,	Portsmouth, N. H.
Elizabeth Guild Hoyt,	Providence, R. I.
Grace Jackson,	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Lizzie Lee Jones,	Brockton, Mass.
Theodora Kyle,	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Emily Isabel Meader,	Central Falls, .R I.
Charlotte Elizabeth Miller,	Ballston Centre, N. Y.
Minnie Adams Morss,	Dorchester, Mass.
Bertha Palmer,	Boston, Mass.
Fanny Thompson Pendleton,	Westerly, R. I.
Caroline Bright Perkins,	Taunton, Mass.
Marian Williams Perrin,	Rochester, N. Y.
Cora Belle Perrine,	Centralia, Ill.
Caroline Blanche Pew,	Gloucester, Mass.
Carrie Frances Pierce,	South Deerfield, Mass.
Helen Adelaide Pierce,	Franklin Furnace, N. J.
Josephine Chester Robertson,	Albion, N. Y.
Harriette Fisher Sawin,	Cambridge, Mass.
Bessie Blanche Scribner,	New Hampton, N. H.
Charlotte Thorndike Sibley,	Belfast, Me.
Grace Eliot Winthrop Sprague,	Charlestown, Mass.
Emma Maud Squires,	Cortland, N. Y.
Amalie Anna Bernhardine Sternberg,	West Hartford, Conn.
Alice Alvira Stevens,	Windsor, Vt.
Susan Meakin Taylor.	Orange, N. J.
Harriet Emily Tuell,	Milton, Mass.
Lucia Frances Upham,	Worcester, Mass.
Mary Elizabeth Wardwell,	Berlin Falls, N. H.
Jane Knight Weatherlow,	Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Mary Lurena Webster,	Bangor, Me.
Flora May West,	Rome, N. Y.
Lucy Blakeslee White,	Cazenovia, N. Y.
Gertrude Wallace Wray,	Bellwood, Pa.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.

Alice Greene Arnold,	Worcester, Mass.
Bertha Isabel Barker,	Cambridge, Mass.
Almira Laura Batt,	Concord Junction, Mass.
Henrietta St. Barbe Brooks,	South Sudbury, Mass.
Mary Lillian Burr,	Croton, N. Y.
Alice Shillaber Clement,	Newton Centre, Mass.
Elizabeth Craig,	Columbia, Pa.
Mary Louise Danielson,	Danielsonville, Conn.
Annie Laurie Durflinger,	London, O.
Grace Eastman,	Wellesley, Mass.
Grace Merritt Winthrop Fanning,	Tarrytown, N. Y.
Flora Appleton Hall,	Marshfield Hills, Mass.
Louise Hannum,	Sherman, N. Y.
Sarah Havens Harlow,	Mendham, N. J.
Rachael Rutherford Hartwell,	Watertown, Mass.
Mary Emogene Hazeltine,	Jamestown, N. Y.
Emma Rosamond Jack,	Hazelton, Pa.
Alice Rebecca Jackson,	Allegheny City, Pa.
Hattie Louise Jones,	Orangeville, O.
Bertha Lebus,	Cynthiana, Ky.
Mary Elizabeth Lewis,	Springfield, O.
Clara Helen Look,	Louisville, Ky.
Amy Morris Mothershead,	Chicago, Ill.
May Page,	Leavenworth, Kan.
Marion Frances Parker,	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Mabel Anna Porter,	Bridgeport, Conn.
Isabel Puffer,	Avon, N. Y.
Linda Dana Puffer,	Avon, N. Y.
Josephine Redfield,	Chicago, Ill.
Sallie Reed,	Portsmouth, O.
Sara Matlack Roberts,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Louise Grant Saxton,	Washington, D. C.
Margarita Spalding,	Washington, D. C.
Sara Elizabeth Stewart,	Gloversville, N. Y.
Genevieve Stuart,	Richmond, Me.
Mabel Sykes,	Chicago, Ill.
Maud Marion Taylor,	Elgin, Ill.
Millie Rosaline Todd,	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Ellen Juliette Wall,	Du Quoin, Ill.
Lewanna Wilkins,	Washington, D. C.
Fannie Louise Woodford,	West Winsted, Conn.
Adeline Swallow Woolfolk,	Evanston, Ill.
Margaret Wrenn,	Chicago, Ill.

GRADUATES OF THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

PIANO AND HARMONY.

Anne May Adams,	Worcester, Mass.
Caroline Muzzy Dresser,	Castine, Me.
Emeline Place Hayward,	New York, N. Y.
Anna May Thorpe,	Fort Miller, N. Y.
Amy Augusta Whitney,	Binghampton, N. Y.

VOICE AND HARMONY.

Cornelia Irene Rosa,	Chicago, Ill.

GRADUATES OF THE SCHOOL OF ART.

Sarah Malinda Bock,	Roxbury, Mass.
Helen Blanche Field,	Taunton, Mass.
Edith Mary Luther,	Newark, N. J.
Elizabeth Eaton Morse,	Ashland, Mass.

COMMENCEMENT DINNER AND RECEPTION.

After the degrees had been conferred and '91 had exchanged her senior dignity for that found among the ranks of the loyal alumnæ, Mr. Clark invited all who had been so fortunate as to receive the necessary card to go to the dining-room, at the same time expressing

his regret that we had no room large enough to accommodate all our guests. Close upon the feast of good things which they found awaiting them, "came the feast of reason and flow of soul," — a most enjoyable feast and an unusually enthusiastic soul. Again and again the dining-room resounded with the Wellesley cheer, as some witty or happy remarks appealed to the loyal-hearted Wellesley girls. Not only did the sun, so unpropitious to '92's gala day, shine upon '91's Commencement, but it brought back to them Miss Shafer, whose welcome to others was not a whit more warm and cordial than that she found for herself. She welcomed all daughters of Wellesley to the renewal of their college ties, to higher appreciation of the needs of the college, to greater sympathy and interest. To the novitiates, about to enter upon the relations and high privileges of alumnæ, she gave greeting, and to trustees and all other friends, a hearty welcome.

Miss Shafer then cast a swift but comprehensive glance over the past year's work and allowed us a glimpse of the future's outlook. She spoke of the prosperity of the year and the excellent administration of the Acting President, Miss Lord. Funds amounting to nine thousand dollars have been given for scholarships; money has also been contributed for the new course in Domestic Economy; the department of Philology has been established on a good financial basis; by Prof. Horsford apparatus has been secured by which the air in the chapel and library is purified; many additions have been made to the art collection; one of the most valuable acquisitions yet made to the library is the alcove of Northern Literatures, this too, the gift of Prof. Horsford. A departure has been made in the establishment of the course in Domestic Economy, a marked advance in women's education. It is hoped that those who are alive to the work will establish a department of domestic science on a firm footing. The outlook for the coming year is a favorable one. The Bible study for Freshmen and Sophomores is to be under the charge of Miss Sara O. Emerson, Professor of Hebrew, and Miss Lucia F. Clark. There are to be new courses in Philosophy, Greek, Chemistry and Elocution and a required course in English for the Freshmen. Three hours of gymnasium work each week are to be required by the Freshmen, in place of the *extras*, Drawing, Elocution and Lliterature.

A telegram was read from Gov. Russell, expressing his regret that he was unable to be present and offering his congratulations to the graduates.

Rev. H. L. Wayland, the orator of the afternoon, was called upon by Miss Shafer to speak upon the relation of education to the press, and he made a witty response. The chief characteristics of the American press he said, are diffidence and truthfulness. The editor, though born omniscient, yet recognizes the advantages of education even when he does not have it. He regarded as favorable to the press the tendency of college women to enter the ranks of journalists, and said that the press could but bear witness to Wellesley's high spirit of progress.

Miss Shafer then asked Dr. N. G. Clark, the President of the Trustees, to speak for that body. As Secretary of the American Board, he referred to the work being done by Wellesley girls in the missionary fields, and the influence the seven hundred alumnæ must have in withstanding the secular drift of the time. The fact that Wellesley was paying her bills was gladly heard by all, and his stirring appeal to the alumnæ for support and loyalty was received by applause which naturally and spontaneously culminated in a ringing Wellesley cheer.

Mrs. Mary Livermore was the next speaker, to whom, Miss Shafer said, all women's colleges owe a debt as one of the heralds of the movement. She spoke of the reasons for the poverty of the women's colleges, the prejudices which they have had to meet, the probable result of the effort of women at self-support and the health of college women. She prophesied that the course in Domestic Science and the required gymnasium work as a matter of policy would be worth a million to Wellesley, — and may her hopes soon be fulfilled.

Miss Lord spoke in detail of the year's work. Though this year so numerous — seven hundred and three students — the health record has been unusually good. The Christian Association, in which twelve religious denominations work as one, have raised eighteen hundred dollars for missionary purposes. Next year Fraülein Carla Wenckebach returns to us, but the Sabbatical sun, while shining next year on our Greek Professor, casts the shadow upon us. In addition we lose by her resignation Miss Hodgkins, Professor of English Literature, who has ever allied herself with whatever is strong, scholarly and earnest. Miss Lord expressed her gratitude to the students for the spirit of earnestness and true-heartedness which had prevailed, to her friends in council and college legislation for their hearty co-operation and support.

"Wellesley Girls in Preparatory Schools" was responded to by Miss Grace Perry of the class of '81, which this year celebrates its tenth anniversary. As one of the privileges of a birthday she reviewed the past and gave us some interesting class statistics. They have come back, she said, to set the watches of their loyalty by the great clock of college life. It is the aim of the Wellesley teacher in preparatory schools to broaden and deepen the idea of what one comes to college for, and to prove that it is not a matter of polish, frolic, books or fashion.

"The Wellesley Sons-in-Law" were wittily lauded by Rev. J. E. Tuttle, the first to break into the ranks of '80, who had, as he said, run away from a wedding to see his mother-in-law. He brought congratulations to her on the work of the past years, upon the grandchildren, his fellow aluumnæ, the character of the students, and most of all on her sons-in-law, a class in whom one may behold the work of the College, a class whose chief virtue is modesty, whose only fault self-depreciation. He paid graceful tributes to Wellesley's daughters, proved conclusively that college life did not unfit women for domestic life by the mere fact that there are still so many sons-in-law in existence, and testified to the loyalty of the sons-in-law in that they will send their daughters to Wellesley, and then their boys will be sure to follow.

Miss May Estelle Cook, '88, spoke of the Western Alumnæ Association. In common with everything else that is western this association is centralized in Chicago. There are now one thousand names on the list. The strong hope of the association is in generalization. Their common end for the past year has been the Norumbega Fund. In the next year they hope to study social science problems, and sometimes to engage in the social without the seience. The purpose of the organization is to gain that inspiration which comes from working in common and make real the idea of the sisterhood of women.

After dinner all adjourned to the centre for an informal reception, where they had opportunity for many last words with friends, while the Glee Club stationed above at the second floor centre, sent down the familiar strains or "Alma Mater" and the Wellesley cheer. Miss Shafer and Mrs. Durant received in the Browning Room. A promenade about the college hall in the moonlight, or a stroll toward Norumbega under the lantern-clad trees,—and Commencement Day was over.

ALUMNÆ DAY.

The twelfth annual Alumnæ Reunion was held at the College, Wednesday, June 24th. The exercises of the day opened with a business meeting at 10 o'clock, A. M., the president, Miss Gertrude A. Chandler, '79, in the chair. After the report of the secretary and treasurer, Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84, gave a report of the work done for the Norumbega Fund during the past year, and stated that $3,500 more was needed to complete the Fund. Her report was accepted and a vote of thanks given to Miss Sanborn for her untiring efforts. The following committee was apppointed to continue the work on the Norumbega Fund: —

Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84, Mrs. Sarah Woodman Paul, '81, Miss Isabel Darlington, '86, Mrs. Alice Turner Randolph, student '75-'77, and Miss Emma Fitz, student '75-'80.

Miss Annie S. Montague, '79, was appointed alumnæ editor of the PRELUDE for the following year.

The election of officers resulted in the following list: —

President, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, '80; Vice-President, Miss Jessie L. Van Vliet '85; Recording Secretary, Miss Ellen F. Pendleton, '86; Treasurer, Miss Mary V. Fitch. '90.

By a unanimous vote the following motion was passed: —

"We, the Alumnæ of Wellesley College, desire at this time to congratulate the College upon the successful conclusion of this academic year and to express our appreciation of the wisdom, judgment and faithful care which has characterized the administration of the Acting President.

The general subject of the literary meeting, which took place as soon as the business of the day was concluded, was "Problems of Our Country and Their Claims upon Us." The following programme was presented: —

1. Introductory Speech by Miss Chandler, '79.
2. Paper on The Chinese, by Miss Agnes Mooar, '82, read by Miss Mosman.
3. Paper on The Negroes, by Miss Sherman, '79, read by Miss Montague.
4. Speech on The Indian Question, by Miss Ellen Burrell, '80.
5. Speech on Problems of Our Great American Cities, by Miss Luce '83.
7. Paper on Poor Whites of the Highland Districts of our Country, by Miss Bissell, '85.

After the literary exercises the Association adjourned to the dining-room. The honored guests at the dinner were President Shafer, Miss Lord and Miss Howard, each of whom made a short address. The following programme gives the order of toasts: —

COLLEGE ACHIEVEMENTS.

A. FINANCIALLY.
The Norumbega Fund, Laura M. Parker, '87.

B. AESTHETICALLY.
The College Pin. Belle Sherwin, '90.

C. SCHOLASTICALLY,
The New M. A.'s, No. 1, Ellen F. Pendleton, '86.

D NUMERICALLY.
The Annexed — in all classes, Christabel Lee Safford, '88.
The Adopted — by the M. A.'s, No. II, Alice Upton Pearmain, '83.
The Evolved — in the Class of '91. Bertha Palmer, '91.

E. Seriously.
Our Business Methods, Charlotte H. Conant, '84.
The W. C. C. A. Mariana W. Blood, '91.

CLASS REUNIONS.

The class of '81 held its formal reunion with Mrs. Paul, on Monday, but informal meetings were held during all the pauses in the College exercises from Saturday evening till Thursday morning. Ten (10) members out of a possible eighteen (18), were present. Of the 23 members of the class at graduation, 20 are still living. Of these two (2) have a permanent residence abroad, Miss Searle of Kobe, Japan, who has returned for a year of rest, and Frau Justus Gaule, who, as Miss Leonard, took the degree of Ph. D. from the University of Zurich, and is still following her Biological research, as occasional articles in German Scientific publications testify. Dr. Alice T. Hall resisted the allurements of a class meeting in order to be present at her own wedding, and sailed at once for Europe. The son-in-law she gives the college is Prof. Charles H. Chapman of John Hopkins University. The unmarried members of the class still have a majority vote, though of only one. The pictures of our twelve (12) sons and daughters were with the collection on exhibition Alumnæ Day.

Whereas:—During the unavoidable absence of Pres. Shafer for the year 1890–91, Prof. Frances E. Lord has consented to serve as Acting President of Wellesley College, therefore

Resolved:—That we, the Faculty, desire to express our grateful appreciation of the action of the Board of Trustees in the appointment of Prof. Lord, whose long and intimate connection with the College fitted her to fulfil in an able manner the various difficult and arduous duties of the position.

Resolved:—That Prof. Lord's unselfish and untiring devotion to the interests of the College; her successful maintenance of the accustomed college order; her proper recognition of the precedents established by the judicious and successful administration of Pres. Shafer; her furtherance of all influences which would create a Christian and scholarly atmosphere meet our unqualified approval.

The Faculty of Wellesley College.

June 16, 1891.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Montague, '79, has been elected Alumnæ editor.

The Editors of the Prelude announce with pleasure the election of Miss Emily Fogg, of '93, to the Editorial Board for the coming year.

A collation was served at Freeman after the exercises for those who did not attend the Commencement dinner.

The class of '91 are to be congratulated upon having their honorary member with them at their graduation. President Shafer's welcome could not have been more enthusiastic, and her year's absence has rendered her doubly dear to all the daughters of Wellesley.

On Monday afternoon, June 15th, Norumbega opened its hospitable doors to its many friends. Mrs. Newman received in the parlor, and Mrs. Lord and Miss Lord in the President's rooms. Iced tea and cake were served both outdoors and in the house. Many "old girls" and graduates were present, among them several residents of Norumbega.

The last '93 class social for this year took place in the Gymnasium on Monday of last week. The hot weather did not prevent dancing, and the souvenirs were pretty little dancing cards. The Ninety-three Banjo Club played, Miss Grenell sang, and the affair ended in a lively way with a Shakespearian Burlesque.

The society reunions were held last Monday, June 22. The Shakespeare Society held its reunion from ten o'clock until noon in the Stone Hall parlor. In the afternoon, Zeta Alpha and Phi Sigma met at Waban and in Society Hall, from four until seven o'clock.

At the President's reception to the Seniors last Saturday evening, every class since the beginning of the College was represented. This has never been noticed at any preceding Commencement.

The Commencement Exercises this year were not open to the usual criticism of being held in a room crowded far beyond its capacity. Many of the guests have been unable to enter the Chapel in former years, but last Tuesday afternoon all could enjoy what they had been invited to enjoy. The improvement was due partly to the limitation of the number of invitations, and partly to the fact that the clsss of '90, and others of the Alumnae denied themselves the pleasure of attending the exercises in order to make room for the guests of the Seniors.

The Senior banquet was held this year as usual at Woodlawn, Auburndale. The officers of the banquet were Miss Perrin, toast-mistress; Miss Gleason and Miss Avery, historians; and Miss Kyle, prophet.

The toasts were as follows:—"Our Class Composite," Miss Blakeslee; "Our Senior President," Miss Elizabeth Stewart; "Thesis," Miss Kyle; "Our Prospective Brothers," Miss Reed; "Our Honorary Members," Miss Spalding; "Precedent," Miss Meader; "The Class of '91," Miss Palmer.

The following account of the regular monthly meeting was omitted from last week's issue on account of lack of space.

The last regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in the Art Library on Saturday evening, June 6.

The Programme was as follows:—

COMPARISON OF THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE AND BROWNING.

Roll Call. Quotations (Lyrics)

I. Shakespeare News. Miss Glover.

II. Comparison of Plots,
Julius Cæsar and Luria.
Sources of plots.
Development of Plot.
1. Unities.
2. Development by acts.
3. Counter plots.
4. Observation of poetic justice.
Comparison of chief characters.
A General Discussion.

III. Song from Shakespeare, Miss Webster.

IV. Place of Lyrics in Developing Plots of Shakespeare and Browning, Miss Fogg.

V. Dramatic Representations.
Measure for Measure. Act. ii., Scene ii.
Isabella . . . . . Miss Wilkinson.
Angelo . . . . . Miss Green.
Lucio . . . . . Miss Freeman.
Provost . . . . . Miss Lincoln.
Pippa Passes, ["Bind it about my brow."]
Ottima . . . . . Miss Lucas.
Sebald . . . . . Miss Reed.
Pippa . . . . . Miss Webster.

VI. "My Star," Miss Webster.

PLOTS FOR STUDY.

Macbeth . . . . . Colombe's Birthday.
Measure for Measure . . . Pippa Passes.
Othello . . . . . Ring and the Book.
Julius Cæsar . . . . . Luria.

The society heartily welcomed Miss Rood, '80, and Miss Cook, '88, to this, its last meeting of the year.

The class of '92 has already been noticed by '91's Interpreter of the Past as a class of "physical ability." That it is also a class of physical and historical enthusiasm was proved by its serenade to Professor Whiting and Miss Knox last Monday evening. A body of Juniors assembled on the balcony over the south porch of College Hall after the Commencement Concert, and with a cheer for their Physics instructor sang Maxwell's "Valentine from a Telegraph Clerk to a Telegraph Clerk." Other appropriate songs were sung and then the Juniors trooped down to Waban where they told the sad tale of "Don John of Austria, the Ghost of Junior History. Miss Knox invited the girls into the house and treated them to light refreshments. The Owl and the Pussy cat, two individuals who figure prominently on every Wellesley occasion, ended the serenade and the Juniors bade goodnight to Miss Knox and to each other.

The Senior serenade was a more solemn affair than that of '92. At half past ten o'clock on the evening of the twenty-third, the Seniors—now Seniors no more—started on their farewell tour of the college grounds. First they bade good-bye to their class tree, and then to the buildings one by one. Not one College building was omitted; not even Music Hall was forgotten. The Wellesley songs and Wellesley cheers lasted for two hours, and not until the last day of their Senior year had died away, did the class of '91 return.

On Tuesday evening, June 16, the '92 girls at Stone Hall held a supper in the Stone Hall parlor as a general wind-up for the Junior year. Each girl represented some distinguished character from Junior History, and Guizot impersonated by Miss Alice Emerson ruled as toast-master. Miss Balch, as Dante gave a toast on "Angels." Miss Elliott as Charles Martel discussed "Hammers" with emphasis. Miss McArthur as Joan of Arc gave a discourse on "Missions." Miss Briggs, as Luther, spoke on "Bulls, Papal and Otherwise." These are a few of the many toasts that were given. It was a merry celebration, and served to impress even more deeply upon the minds of the students the knowledge which they had gained during the year.

The following notice is reprinted from the PRELUDE of April 18th, for the benefit of any students who may wish careful type writing done during the summer: A type-writer copyist, who is an invalid and obliged to live out of the city, will, in consideration of having copying sent to her, do it at half price; that is, at three cents per hundred words. Will also pay for registering if desired. . . . I make a speciality of copying letters, diaries, sketches, and private papers of all kinds, such as have accumulated in foreign travel, or have belonged to friends who have died. These would be much more easily preserved if copied and bound, and are of great value, not to be trusted to careless hands. I spare no pains in my efforts to suit those who employ me, and to make my work as perfect as possible. All kinds of copying solicited, and in all amounts, even if only a few pages. I so greatly desire to obtain the work that I will correct mistakes, look up references, etc., when requested, without extra charge. I refer, by permission, to Prof. E. N. Horsford and Col. T. W. Higginson, of Cambridge, and Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of Boston. Address Carrie A. Cooke, Bay Point, Me.

The Shakespeare Society has chosen as officers for the ensuing year:

President,	Miss Candace Catherine Stimson, '92.
Vice President,	Miss Maud Alice Emerson, '92.
Recording Secretary,	Miss L. Elizabeth White, '93.
Corresponding Secretary,	Miss A. R. Wilkinson, '92.
Treasurer,	Miss Sophia Lord Thorne, '92.
Factotums,	Miss Caroline Newcomb Newman, '93. Miss Emily Fogg, '93

The officers of the Special Organization for the next year are as follows:

President.	Miss Caroline Willette Mudgett
Vice Presidents,	Miss Minerva Park Phelps. Miss Amelia Cooper Hewitt.
Recording Secretary,	Miss Vina D. Warr.
Corresponding Secretary,	Miss Sylvia Clark.
Treasurer,	Miss Elizabeth Magay.
Executive Committee,	Miss Flora H. Luther. Miss Grace E. Mix. Miss Bertha Dickinson. Miss Nancy L. Flagg.
Factotum,	Miss Mabel Kellar.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

Miss Susan Searle, '81, arrived in this country recently from Japan, where she has been teaching for the last eight years. She expects to be in Cambridge early in June, and will probably remain at home for a year.

Miss Edith Metcalf, '80, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Upton, in Colorado Springs, and expects to remain there during the summer.

Miss Grace Marsh, '85, will be in charge of the department of Physical Culture at the Summer School at Lake Minnetonka, Minn., this summer. This will make the third season which she has spent there in that capacity.

Miss Kate Hitchcock, '85, has just returned from her year in Europe.

Miss Ruth W. Lathrop, '83, graduated at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia at their late Commencement. She was one of two in the class to receive her degree of M. D. *cum laude*. Miss Jean S. Adams, '87, received her degree at the same time from Philadelphia, although part of her studies were pursued in Zurich.

Pres. Ethelbert D. Warfield, husband of Mrs. Nellie Tilton Warfield, '86, has accepted the presidency of Lafayette College, Pa.

The Ohio branch of the A. C. A. had its first regular meeting at Cleveland, Ohio, Tuesday, June 2nd. The meeting was called by Miss Susan Peabody, '86, who was appointed director for Ohio at the annual meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ in Chicago last fall.

Miss Mathilde C. Denkmann, '86, who has been studying Art for the past two years at the Académie Julian in Paris, is apparently winning some renown in her work. A recent number of the Journal des Artistes contains the following statement:— Jugement des concours du mois d'Avril á l'Académie Julian, entre tous les ateliers d'hommes et de dames, rendu par tous les professeurs réunis, 48, fonbourg Saint-Denis.

FIGURES DESSINEES.—Prix: 50 fr: *ex-aequo*, Mlle. Denkmann, M. Giulmant.—Mentions: M. Rackmiel, Mlle. Newman, M. Widemann, M. M. Thorne, Thompson, Kendall.

A successful Harp Recital was given in Wellesley Hills, June 8th, for the benefit of the Norumbega Fund. This was planned by Miss Laura M. Parker and Miss Mabel R. Wing to help meet the amount assumed by their class, '87, and other Wellesley girls in the vicinity generously helped dispose of tickets. The concert was no less a success socially than financially. The audience was enthusiatic, and though largely drawn from Wellesley Hills, yet it contained a few representatives from Wellesley and the College.

Mr. Earl Barnes, husband of Mary Sheldon Barnes, formerly professor of History at Wellesley, has been appointed to the chair of "History and Art of Education" in Stanford University, California, and will enter upon his duties about Aug. 1st.

Twenty members of the class of '85 held a delightful reunion on Thursday morning, at the Thorndike, Boston. The business of the reunion having been completed at the college the evening before, the morning was given up to feasting and fun. Mrs. Maidie Harriman Severance presided very successfully as Toast Mistress, and called for the following toasts:—

Wellesley's Daughters,	Miss Lida Kendrick.
Spinsters Still,	Miss Mary C. Wiggin.
The Medical Profession,	Julia Bissell.
The Class Baby,	Mrs. Fannie Scudder Williams.
The North West	Miss Jessie Van Vliet.
The Wellesley Girl in Society,	Mrs. Bertha Holbrook Moffett.

Mrs. Florence Floyd Merriam read the class history. '85 mourns the loss of two of its members who have died since the last reunion: Miss Nellie Hardy and Mrs. May Ellis Searing. Memorials of these had been prepared by Mrs. Helen Howard Campbell and

Mrs. Clara Andrew Hale, which were read by Mrs. Campbell.

The literary exercises were followed by a half hour of informal conversation, when the class dispersed to meet again in '95.

On Saturday, June 20th, was held the reunion of the class of '88. Nearly two-thirds of the members met at the Thorndike in Boston, and so enjoyed the renewed associations that it was voted the next reunion be held in '93 at Chicago.

Following the dinner the toasts proposed by Miss Anna Palen, the toast mistress, were most heartily reponded to, those to Our Graduate and Our Class Baby arousing especial enthusiasm.

The class of '84 held its third reunion at the Bellevue, in Boston, on Thursday morning, June 24, at 10 A. M. More than twenty were present and the guests of the day were Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, honorary member of the class, and Miss Lilian Maude Symonds, the eldest daughter. Lunch was served at eleven o'clock and the occasion was enlivened by informal toasts. The next reunion will be the decennial in 1894.

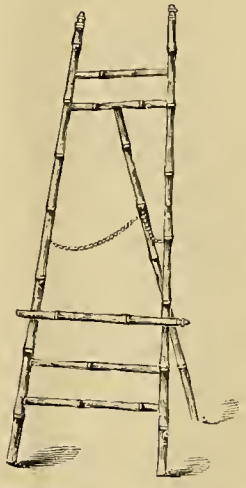
Prof. Lord, Acting President during the college year, received June 20, a gift from the Faculty, consisting of Latin works, known as Pine's edition of Horace, in two volumes, and the Lyrics of Virgil, in one volume. These books were published in London in 1733. The letter-press of three quartos and illustrations on nearly every page are copper-engraved. The books are bound in half-crushed Levant. The binder's name, Calvert, inserted on the fly-leaf, is a guaranty for rare workmanship in binding. These "most marvelous Latin books" are now extremely difficult to procure.

In addition, Miss Lord received from the same source, four folios, published in Rome in 1741, containing descriptive text in Italian and full page fine engravings of the art treasures of the Capitoline Museum at Rome.

MARRIED.

Spicer-Lathrop. At Westerly, R. I., June 16th, Helen Esther Spicer, student at Wellesley '86-'89, to William Gilbert Lathrop.

GILLMORE-KNOTT—In New York City, June 19th, Jennie A. Gillmore, '86, to Richard W. Knott of Louisville, Ky.



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